W YORK J AL AND ADVERTISER.
. HEARST.
162 NASSAU S YORK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1897.
THE WEATHER.—Offic day indicate fair and warmer weather; southerly winds.

E LOME'S DEFENCE AND CONFESSION.

nce made by Minister De Lome of the barbarous persecution of eros does not touch the black fact that the girl has been immured sa de Recojidas, Havana's jail for outcast women, for above a year. n Spain's guilt De Lome denies that Miss Cisneros has been sentenc o twenty years of torture in foul Ceuta. He asserts that she has not yet bee even tried. De Lome being a Spaniard, accustomed to Spanish savd cruelty in Cuba, it did not occur to him that this assertion, if true, but emphasizes the enormity of Weyality. His Government, he affirms further, "had no knowledge of the arrest of Miss Evangelina Cossio until the Journal made the whole world acquainted with the infamous maltreatment of which she has victim. To subject untried persons to prolonged imprisonment and inhuman abuse is so in accord with orpractice in Cuba that De Lome and his confreres in Havana and Madrid are astonished that special notice be taken of it—astonished that the rest of the world is not as contemptuously and callously indifferent to and humanity as they themselves are.

e De Lome defence is in truth a blasting confession. In pleading not guilty for Spain to the charge of sening Miss Cisneros after trial to twenty years of Ceuta he pleads guilty to the thirteen months' imprisonment out trial, of a pure and educated young girl in the prostitutes' jail of Havana!

Minister De Lome has by virtue of his official station the standing of a gentleman in this country. Nevertheless, his amazing letter to Mrs. Jefferson Davis he exhibits his willingness to descend hand in hand with the brute Weyler to any profound of cowardly scoundrelism that offers the fairest promise of helping his Government out of the predicament into which it has been brought by the Journal's exposure of its barbarities. In the hope of withdrawing the sympathy of American women from the tortured Evangelina Cisneros, he assails her character. But again he proves too much and makes confession. The girl, he avers, lured to her chamber the military commander of the Isle of Pines. Therefore no pure woman need be interested in the fate of a wanton. But in the same breath he restores her reputation for chastity by charging that when the trusty and chivalrous military commander came to keep his assignation with a girl whose father was his prisoner, and who was herself completely within his power, she was seized by men in collusion with her who intended his assassination!

As the military commander was not assassinated, but kept bound until a guard of his own soldiers arrived to free him from the hands of unarmed prisoners who risked every peril in defence of a woman's honor, it needs a refinement of tradition to believe that assassination was designed. What sane man or woman will credit this desperate romance of a thwarted Tarquin, adopted and officially indorsed by the virtuous Weyler and the scandalized Minister De Lome; rather than the plain story of the poor girl whose room was invaded by a lustful villain, and whose cry brought help?

It is not within the power of falsehood now to hide the truth. Minister De Lome has done what his abilities permitted. Of his readiness to befoul an innocent, suffering girl to save his Government's repute with civilized nations his letter gives irrefragable proof. No blackguard ever went at a dirty task with greater apparent zest. De Lome is a man of intelligence, aware of the existence of the sentiment of chivalry among gentlemen, and si diplomatic career has cultivated in him deftness and cunning. When a Spaniard possessed of these exceptional qualifications for concealing the truth and making the worse appear the better cause can offer a plea in defence so little likely to carry conviction as that which he presents in his base and calumnious communication to Mrs. Davis, it can hardly be expected that Spain will be able to find a more capable attorney. Minister De Lome's attempt at justification in effect makes these admissions:

That Evangelina Cisneros is a virtuous girl, contrary to the expectation of the military commander of the Isle of Pines.

That she has been imprisoned without trial in a jail for abandoned women, with the companionship of such as is forced daily and nightly upon her.

That but for the Journal's exertions in her behalf the world would have heard nothing of the sufferings of the victim of the brute Weyler's tyranny and cruelty.

The only answer that Spain can make to the Journal's exposure of the bestial persecution of this girl which will meet the imperious demand of the civilized world is to open the doors of the Casa de Recojidas and set Evangelina Cisneros free. The Journal has saved her from Ceuta, but it is still the damnable fact that she, a young woman, innocent, cultivated and sensitive, is herded with the offscourings of Havana's streets. Only a Weyler or a De Lome can think it possible to veil that hideous fact with Spanish lies.

DE LOME'S ONE DISCIPLE.

The Evening Post publishes Minister De Lome's slanderous and self-destructive letter to Mrs. Jefferson Davis under the heading: "The Truth About Miss Cisneros." The Post professes to regulate its conduct by a high standard principle. It is never weary of telling how it scorns the variety of journalism which indulges in assertions without taking the trouble to verify them, especially if those assertions are injurious to individuals. How does it square these professions with its prompt assumption, without investigation, that a communication that bears the brand of falsity on its face, and that attempts to blacken the character of a defenceless girl, is true? The Post knows absolutely nothing at first hand about the Cisneros case, or anything else that is happening in Cuba. It has no correspondent in Cuba and never has had one. How does Minister De Lome have any personal knowledge of the facts in the Cisneros affair. He has never been in Cuba since the girl's arrest. All he can do is to take the lies of Weyler and Berris, stamp his indorsement on the back, and pass them off as his own. When the Journal characterizes these lies as they deserve it speaks with exact knowledge. It has the concurrent testimony of its own correspondents, of the correspondents of other papers, of the ladies of high character who shared the imprisonment of Miss Cisneros, and of other witnesses who need not be mentioned now. The Post, ignoring all the evidence at hand, accepts the unsupported assertion of a person twelve hundred miles from the scene of action as establishing the truth of a contradiction in terms. Is there not material here for one of Mr. Godkin's superior lectures on "journalism?"

WHO PAYS FOR DOLLAR WHEAT?

The consternation among the poor at the prospect of dearer bread has suddenly awakened the public to the fact that there are two sides to the prosperity caused by the rise in the price of wheat. We have been so accustomed, from the beginning of our existence as a people, to regard the farmer as the backbone of the community that we find it hard to realize that there can be popular interests seriously conflicting with his. We have been accustomed to consider a high price for wheat as a tribute which America in bulk levies on Europe. We are beginning to discover that it is only a part of America that has wheat to sell, and that the rest of the American people are in the position of the European consumer. We are learning to appreciate this fact now for two reasons—one that the rural population is continually diminishing as compared with the urban, and the other that for the first time we have great masses of people so poor that a "dear loaf" is as serious a subject for thought to them as it is to their congeners abroad.

The first fact that confronts us when we begin to study the relation of the price of wheat to the welfare of the public is that in an average year only nineteen States and Territories out of forty-nine produce enough wheat for their own consumption. These nineteen commonwealths contain about 25,000,000 out of the 75,000,000 inhabitants of the Union. The other 50,000,000 are situated as they would be in England or France. There is a solid block of States in the Northeast, with 20,000,000 inhabitants, which has to buy 70,000,000 bushels of wheat more than it produces, and another solid block in the South, with over 21,000,000 people, in which the deficiency is about as great, only one-third of the wheat needed for consumption being produced at home.

But even these figures do not give a full realization of the extent to which the United States is a consuming country. The wheat crop of 1895 was a good one, but 41.5 per cent of it was consumed not merely in the country, nor even in the State, but in the very county in which it was produced. In Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Montana the entire crop was so consumed. In Wisconsin 75 per cent and in Iowa 64 per cent of the wheat produced was consumed in the county of origin. Even in Minnesota, the banner wheat-producing State of the Union, with its crop of 65,584,000 bushels and its comparatively small population, 26 per cent of the whole output was consumed in the county in which it grew. On all that part of the crop it is not the foreign consumers, nor yet the dwellers in distant Eastern cities, nor even the urban population of his own State that pay the farmer the price that "scatters plenty o'er a smiling land," but his own immediate neighbors.

It is well to understand the mutual dependence of all classes of our population. It is to the interest of the whole country that the farmer shall be prosperous. It would be poor economy for the people who do not raise wheat to have cheap bread at the cost of the bankruptcy and beggary of those who do. But we should not deceive ourselves with the idea that such prosperity as the farmers may gain from dear wheat is drawn exclusively or principally from foreign pockets. In some cases the foreigner pays the tax, but as a rule this country has to stand on its own feet and settle its own bills.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's articles in the Cosmopolitan Magazine descriptive of the horrors of the Indian plague and famine are wonderfully vivid, and therefore exceedingly painful to read. But they have a value beyond their mere literary merit. Month after month the writer persistently emphasizes the fact that these horrors of starving women and children, these frightful diseases carrying away young and old by the hundreds of thousands, are taking place in a nation which Great Britain conquered, rules and is responsible for. "What is England going to do about it?" is the pertinacious query suggested by every page of the articles.

It is unbelievable that the question which thus forces itself on the traveller should not be asked time and again by the unhappy dwellers in this land of plague and famine. "What has England done, what will England do for us?" They are taxed. They see the fruit of their taxation in the hosts of young Englishmen who "come out" to make India a career and fill all the high posts in the civil service to the exclusion of all natives. But what do the people get in return for their forced contributions? Peace and order, no doubt, but with these poverty, pestilence and starvation.

It is little wonder that a revolt in Northern India makes all England uneasy. If the people are not too much worn by hunger and disease either to think or to fight, they may demand of England a bloody accounting of her stewardship.

Possibly President McKinley was too hasty in utilizing the stock market as an indicator and claiming a return of prosperity on account of the Dingley tariff law. There is no telling what the stock market will do next, it being totally devoid of sentiment.

It cost the city $5,000 in round figures for Mayor Strong to ascertain that it was impossible for him to throw Police Commissioner Parker overboard. Reform administrations and their attending bickerings come rather high.

It is not at all startling to learn that some of our new consuls cannot write the English language. Mr. Hanna didn't conduct a civil service examination when he was drumming up delegates for McKinley last year.

While Boss Platt is busily engaged in watching the Seth Low boom and Jake Worth, several of the up-State counties are breaking away from his machine and going Klondyking on their own account.

A Chicago jury was as prompt in exonerating the men who participated in that suburban lynching as a similar body would be in disposing of a case of that sort down South.

If Boston, after rejecting the Bacchante, should have John L. Sullivan for Mayor, the case would resolve itself into one of making the punishment fit the crime.

Ex-Senator Peffer has turned up as a Mark Hanna Populist. Mr. Peffer proposes to take treatment for his out-of-a-job difficulty.

It appears from their own testimony that Mark Hanna purchased some of the Ohio Populist leaders at $25 per Pop.

Hon. Jake Worth has tried Mr. Platt's little Quigg pellets and pronounces them harmless and pleasant to take.

Suburban towns cannot encourage the location of wealthy residents by the selection of assessors who assess.

The Afghan Ameer is electioneering for a fresh batch of English presents.

Payne Whitney Storms Newport's Feminity.

PAYNE WHITNEY is at Newport as the guest of his brother, Harry Payne Whitney. Now, there is nothing of Bunthorne about Payne Whitney. He is as manly as any youngster in the whole Four Hundred, and to pose in any way would be the last thing to enter his head.

Still, it often happens that our friends will do for us that of which we would never be guilty under any circumstances if left to ourselves. Thus it comes about that Payne Whitney is now upon a pedestal in the City-by-the-Sea as the hero of the hour.

He has been placed there by the women and they won't let him come off the perch, no matter how much he would like to descend.

Manly vigor and robustiousness are at a premium in the fine world. Your average chappie is not richly endowed with muscle. Even those that were originally favored in this respect by nature have neglected or abused their gifts until they have shrunk into puny insignificance or developed into the pudding period of flabby obesity.

Therefore, when Payne Whitney appeared on the scene of society's most exclusive operation he was received not only as a gift from the gods but as a god.

For Payne is the captain of the Yale University crew and a strong and gritty oarsman, although those little fellows from Cornell did take his measure and that of his companions in the Yale boat at Poughkeepsie.

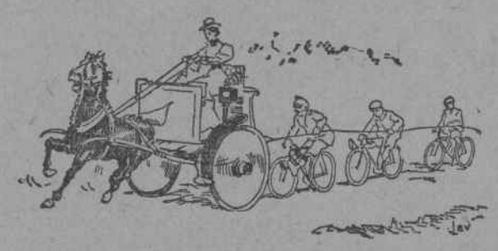
Cornell, however, cuts no ice at Newport. Young Whitney is worshipped there in the first place because he is the captain of a 'varsity crew; in the second because he is the son of his father, and in the third because he is a deucedly nice young fellow irrespective of his paternity or his college.

The way the girls dote on him is enough to put the puling dudes to bed with envy for the rest of the season.

"I think it's demned nasty," said one of these yesterday, "to have so much coarse beef to carry about all the time. What the girls can find to admire in a great gross creature like this Payne Whitney is more than I can understand. They'll be sorry for what they are doing, when he has to go back to college."

Nevertheless, Captain Whitney's star is in the ascendant. The glory of his biceps has cast even the Hebe-like limbs of "Harriet" Lehr into the twilight of forgetfulness.

The girl who drives with a string of "bikers" hitched with thongs to her trap has given place temporarily to the rattle and snap and imposing self-sufficiency of the four-in-hand. Bellevue avenue has fairly blossomed with coaches this week.



The crack whips are getting into practice for the parade tomorrow.

As matters look now we shall have eight coaches in line, with Frederick Bronson, Prescott Lawrence, Oliver Belmont, Perry Belmont, James J. Van Alen, Eugene Higgins, William Watts Sherman and Ogden Mills as the star performers.

On Futurity day, I think it was, I saw Mrs. Yznaga, the mother of the Duchess of Manchester, in one of New York's hotels, but she has gone to Newport since; and yesterday Miss Leary gave a big luncheon in her honor.

In the musicale that followed, Mrs. Yznaga furnished no small part of the entertainment by singing several negro melodies to an accompaniment on Miss Kilkoerfer's banjo. When it is recalled that Mrs. Yznaga is the grandmother of the present Duke of Manchester, who is old enough to have two countries trying to pick a wife for him, this feat was no ordinary achievement. Mrs. Yznaga owns a large plantation in Louisiana and passes much of her time there. The negro melodies were genuine.

Among the ladies who applauded the singing of Manchester's grandmother were Mrs. John Sloane, Mrs. Henry C. Potter, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Mrs. Livingston Ludlow, Mrs. J. Frederick Pierson, Miss Van Alen, Miss Louis K. Jones, Mrs. C. N. Beach, Mrs. W. W. Sherman, Miss McAllister, Mrs. Harold Brown, Mrs. J. T. Davies, Mrs. R. T. Wilson, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Mortimer Brooks, Mrs. King, Miss King, Mrs. Robert Cushing, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Miss Schermerhorn, Mrs. Frederic Sheldon, Miss Josephine Johnson, Mrs. Frederick Neilson and Mrs. Samuel Barger.

Cope Whitehouse is tearing mad. His Egyptian temper has been stirred until his speech reeks of sulphur and his mind meditates murder.

The other day he had just returned from a long and profitless contemplation of his proposed Esplanade. He was hot and weary and disgusted. Instead of the flowers and lights and limitless beauty that he has been promising us for months, he found only an unsightly and nauseous mud heap. It made him tired.

So he wandered back to the Casino Reading Room, and, throwing himself upon a couch in his most Egyptian attitude, was soon snoring the requiem of Ramises III.

Attracted by the unusual noise, the irreverent chappies began to assemble. They came in pairs to view the sleeping beauty and expressed their admiration in whispers.

Then they did a mean thing. They took advantage of "the Egyptian" unconsciousness to place beside him a sign on which was written this legend:

"Cope Whitehouse has talked himself to sleep at last!" On the reverse were the simple words: "Thank God!"

How long "The Egyptian" slumbered there and dreamed of his great scheme to irrigate the desert of Sahara is not known. But when he finally awoke the sign was still above him, and everybody connected with the Casino Reading Room had seen it.

Cope declares that he will discover and punish the perpetrators of the outrage upon his dignity, even if he has to abandon the Esplana de to attain his revenge.

It's too bad that such life-long friends as Fred Hoey and Edgar Gibbs, (with emphasis on the Gibbs) Murphy should have had a difference of opinion over the settlement of a pigeon match. Of course, nobody thought that three out of the four contestants in the Wednesday's shoot would tie. Therefore no provision was made in the conditions of the contest for any such outcome.

Now there is a deuce of a fuss at Hollywood because Hoey didn't see fit to shoot off the tie at ten birds each, as Murphy and Gagnon, the other tie man, wished. All Long Branch is discussing the matter, and the arguments pro and con are endless.

To my way of thinking, Hoey is right in the contention that if a tie is to be shot off, in the absence of agreement to the contrary, it ought to be shot off according to the original conditions of the match. That is the way ties in other sports are decided. If horses were to run a dead heat at a mile, for instance, nobody would think of asking to have the race settled by a trial of speed at a quarter of a mile.

Murphy and Gagnon are good fellows, but their shooting is better than their logic.

The toppiest two things in Newport to-day will be Perry Belmont's dinner cotillion and Mrs. John Jacob Astor's big dinner aboard the Nourmahal. Both will be largely attended and are esteemed of such importance as to dwarf other entertainments.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Manager A. . . Palmer . . . Mighty Undertaking.

AMONG those who rush in where angels fear to tread is A. M. Palmer, formerly of New York, late of Chicago, and now only the good Lord knows where, for Mr. Palmer has undertaken the task of "directing the artistic and business policy" of Richard Mansfield. No one will deny that Mr. Mansfield is artistic, or that he has an eye to business; but if there was ever invented a policy that would fit him for twenty-four hours together none of Mr. Palmer's predecessors was able to lay hands on it. Accordingly bets at large odds are freely offered on upper Broadway, with no takers, that before the present season is half over Richard Mansfield, in his largest and most impressive manner, will be directing the policy of A. M. Palmer, with the latter gentleman, side whiskers and all, reduced to a mere speck on Mr. Mansfield's horizon.

There is a brief, profitable tale, embodying a horrible example, which it will do no harm to bring to Mr. Palmer's attention just now. Once Mr. Mansfield employed in the capacity of advance agent a young man of fine literary perceptions and gentlemanly instincts without the wherewithal to live up to them. Between here and Chicago Mr. Mansfield's show touched two or three of the high places, with financial and artistic results most gratifying. The advance agent was duly apprised by telegraph of this fact and of Mr. Mansfield's high approval of his efforts.

Now—although the young and gentlemanly agent had paid no attention to the matter—the local bill poster had displayed Mr. Mansfield's artistic "three-sheets" and "stands" in a most artful manner. If you are a bill poster and you know your business, you will see that every vacant wall along the main thoroughfare leading from the railway station to the star's hotel is covered with announcements of his approach, whether the rest of the town is billed or not. Some of the most conscientious bill posters that ever lived have gone down to pauper's graves for neglecting this detail, while shrewd, idle fellows, who never take the trouble to stick a bill except where the star is sure to see it and gloat over it, have acquired wealth and high social standing.

As I have just related the gentlemanly young agent did not know that his bill poster was of the latter class. His mind was fixed on the fine literary quality of the columns he was getting printed about Mr. Mansfield. At length the star arrived. He was met at his hotel by the young agent, upon whom he beamed in the most benevolent manner.

"Your work is most commendable, sir," said Mr. Mansfield. "I am highly gratified, and after luncheon I shall be most happy to have you go out for a drive with me."

Mr. Mansfield would not be driven along the boulevard; neither would he visit the Park; he would only consent to view that part of the town lying between his hotel, the theatre and the railway station. And continually he grew more amiable, remarking every square or so:

"Good, very good, indeed."

Finally the young agent ventured to admit modestly that a great deal depended on the manner in which an advance notice was written, and that his literary training had probably fitted him better for that kind of work than for anything else. And right here is where the roof of the young agent's air castle fell in and crushed him. The actor gave him a haughty stare and said:

"Newspaper notices, sir! I will have you understand that it is I who inspire the editors—I, my work, my art. What I was commending was the bill posting. It is really very clever, and I hope you will do as well in the next town."

London correspondents have been strangely silent with respect to a recent occurrence which probably astonished Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria more than any other of that estimable lady's eventful lifetime. Sir Charles MacGeachy was the instigator of the disturbance. Sir Charles is promulgator of ideas in ordinary to the management of the Casino Theatre. When his ideas are not too costly they go. Sir Charles, being a diplomat, his ideas start out very cheap; and as he is of noble birth they are always aristocratic, and, consequently, insidious, and, therefore, unavoidably expensive in the end. So it proved with his scheme to notify Queen Victoria of the respect in which she is held by Managers Lederer and McLellan, of the Casino.

From inside sources it is learned that Manager McLellan, in Manager Lederer's absence, O. K.'d the scheme to the extent of fifty dollars, which Sir Charles handed to a lithographer and waited for Manager Lederer's return; that Manager Lederer, who has a leaning toward royalty himself, and would like to receive the Queen's command to present "The Whirl of the Town" at Windsor, threw the Casino's financial throttle wide open, and immediately turned up his trousers; that Sir Charles eventually caused to be absorbed in the scheme a whole week's receipts of the theatre, and that the fac-similies of the Casino address of respect to Queen Victoria, which were distributed to last night's audience as souvenirs of the one hundredth performance of the "Whirl," were the most gorgeous examples of the lithographer's art ever seen in this or any other country.

WHAT MADE HIM AN ARTIST.

His art was clearly of the highest, and the orginality of it was beyond question. In a word, his pictures were beautiful. But he could sell nothing. Once, something he had painted and left in a friend's studio was admired by a wealthy connoisseur, who had wondered what was the price of it, and had then concluded to buy it anyway. Then he was introduced to the artist. But nothing came of it. The connoisseur's interest faded for some reason, and the artist never saw him again. It was among his fellow artists that his work was accorded the highest praise—which might have seemed strange, too. But they were undoubtedly sincere. In society he was a distinct failure. On one occasion he was introduced to a beautiful girl, who thought him worth a very cordial conversation, and during the course of this conversation it transpired that she did not know he was an artist. When she was made aware of it she looked at him in a wondering way and then became indifferent, and actually wounded him by her coldness.

It was all very strange to him. Then he fell sick, and lay in bed for several months. When he finally recovered he emerged from the sick room an altered man. He had always cut his hair and shaved his beard hitherto, but now both had grown long—very long.

And lo! he immediately sold everything he painted, and quickly did he become right famous!

[illegible] to Die, Duel

WHETHER ferocious and deadly, as American duels generally are; or merely foolish and comic, after the fashion of most French ones, resort to wager of battle is obnoxious to the intelligent sentiment of this age. But neither Church nor State can put a stop to duelling by enactments against it, no matter how severe may be their prescription of penalties or with what vigor they may be enforced. Nothing is so enticing as that which is forbidden. The extremest penalty possible can be no more than the earnest duellist voluntarily takes his chances for.

At no time were there more duels in Spain than when Philip V. made duelling punishable by death, even though the encounters were no more serious than the recent one between Prince Henri and the Count of Turin. Disfranchisement, a penalty prescribed in almost all States of the Union, does not prevent Southern politicians and editors winging each other. And there is little reason to expect that the questionable peril of excommunication—which the Pope is said to threaten—is likely to throw much of a scare into anybody nowadays.

The wisest law ever devised for the suppression of duelling was that in the code of the Knights of the Golden Circle. An unfortunate concatenation of circumstances prevented it from ever becoming operative, but if our civil war had been delayed one year it is much more than probable that law would have governed not only an army of invading adventurers, but the country of Mexico, the "armed colonization" of which was their object.

The popular understanding concerning the Knights of the Golden Circle to-day is unjustly injurious. They are only remembered as a secret society organized to promote the cause of secession, and indeed have hardly any other recognition in history. But before the civil war broke out they had enrolled sixteen thousand men who, allied with the Knights of the Golden Cross, in Mexico, meant to take control of that country, to give it a stable government, laws to protect person and property, and development of its great natural resources.

When the South took up arms Commander Bickley, who was a Southern man, fancied that the Confederacy would win, and, as three-fourths of the members of his order were in that part of the country, deemed it good policy to entirely remodel the organization so as to make of it an engine of secession. Such change was, in his mind, but an episode through which enforced delay in realization of his greater plans might be turned to their ultimate benefit. When that change was made, all the Northern "castles" disbanded at once, and the admirable code of laws, concise, clear and ample, prepared for governance of the knights, was never promulgated.

The organization was upon a military basis. Every man in it was a soldier and member of the "first degree;" officers, field line and staff, belonged to the "second degree;" general officers, executive officials and diplomatic agents only were admitted in the "third degree." It would have been absurd to expect that in such a body of virile, forceful, adventurous and strongly individualized men quarrels would not occur, that combats would not result, or that any laws forbidding them would have been effective. Hence, Commander Bickley and the astute jurists who aided him in the framing of that code, cunningly planned the suppression of duelling by recognizing it as a right and permitting it, but under certain directing regulations.

It was made imperative that parties contemplating a duel should apply for permission, and that application would have to go through the ordinary military channels up to the general of the division to which the prospective combatants belonged. He would send back, through the same procrastinating course, authorization for designation, by the colonel in command, of a "court of honor" to investigate the cause of quarrel and seek to make amicable adjustment of it. The finding of that court would gradually get back to the general. During all that time, up to the final act of approval by the general, the parties to the quarrel might honorably settle the difficulty between them, but when his order had been issued for the duel to take place there could be no withdrawal. The duel would then have to be fought—to the death.

The meeting had to take place in the presence of the brigade to which the participants belonged, and one of them would have to die. Should both be so severely wounded as to incapacitate them from further fighting at the first meeting, they would be sent to the hospital, repaired, and when able to fight again once more put upon the field, to kill or be killed. The affair was never to be ended while both remained alive.

Can any one question that the contemplation of that inevitably fatal result, during all the ingeniously contrived delay precedent to the duel, would have compelled serious reflection in even the hottest heads and promoted the restoration of peaceful conditions?

THE BEGGAR'S INDIGNATION.

A beggar accosted a gentleman and whined: "I'm paralyzed in both me 'ands, mister, an' can't work, fer I can't grasp anythink with 'em. Could ye spare me a trifle, mister?"

"I'm deaf," replied the gentleman. "You'd better write down what you have to say. Here's a pencil and a piece of paper."

"Deaf, is 'e?" thought the beggar. "Then 'e didn't 'ear about the paralysis."

So he wrote down:

"I've got a wife an' six children starvin' at home, mister., I've been out o' wurk fer six munths, an' ham in a dreffel state of destertushun."

He handed the paper to the gentleman, who read it, and said:

"I thought you said you were paralyzed in both hands and couldn't grasp anything; and yet you can write."

"Did—didn't yer say yer was deaf?" stammered the beggar, who now really did feel paralyzed.

"Yes, just to find out if you were an impostor, which you are, as I suspected," replied the gentleman.

"Well, of all the bloomin' frauds, yer the biggest!" exclaimed the beggar. "The hidea of yer sayin' yer was deaf, an' tryin' to impose on a pore feller."

And he shuffled off, sniffing the air with righteous indignation.—Tit-Bits.

"Commodore" Hanna.

[Denver Post.]

Mark Hanna requires the men who man his yacht to address him as "Commodore." He has not yet reached the "shiver my timbers" point in his nautical career. The people of Ohio will do that for him next November.